THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

Printed by *Woodruff & Pechin*, N°. 224, Market-ſtreet, near Seventh-ſtreet.

Vol. I. *Saturday, September* 5, 1795. No. 31.

FANNY:
OR, THE
HAPPY REPENTANCE.
[Concluded.]

I SHALL not pretend to excuſe myſelf by telling you that Wand led me into this ſcene of villainy. I muſt appear to you a criminal as I really am, that I may owe every thing to your generoſity and your tenderneſs. Forgive me, forgive the man who ſhall think it an honour to bear the name of your huſband, and that of father to this amiable child (preſſing it again to his heart). But where is your father? My father! May I ſee him? He is in bed, anſwered Fanny, expiring with ſickneſs and ſorrow; for ſorrow has preyed upon him ſtill more than want.—What! ſaid Whatley, O God—My heart will break. Ah! worthy Windham! What a wretch have I been?—Yes, my poor Fanny, it is I who have reduced you to theſe extremities—And—What is that I ſee?—The bread we live upon—The bread ſtained by our toil, and ſteeped in our tears—It was a coarſe brown loaf. Whatley could ſcarce ſupport himſelf at the ſight—He raiſed his hands to heaven, and in broken accents cried, What, my dear, my virtuous creature, was this your food—While I—O my God! My God!—I ſhall die—Fanny! how theſe dreadful thoughts!—Ah, my lord! What charms in this repentance for your Fanny! Love, that ſhe may yet adore you—She never could have loved you (embracing him) could ſhe have hated you?—Yes, you ſhall be my wife, my ſovereign miſtreſs. London has been witneſs to my irregularities, it ſhall behold my reformation; I can never make my acknowledgments to you ſufficiently diſtinguiſhed—Yes, you ſhall be the wife of my heart—Come—Let me throw myſelf at the feet of my worthy father.

Fanny deſired him to wait until ſhe had acquainted him with his arrival. She feared that the ſudden ſight of her lord might be fatal to the languiſhing old man. She did not know how to teſtify her gratitude to Windham. Lord W——had told her in a few words, all that the worthy man had done to bring him back to a ſenſe of truth and honour. Fanny flew to her father—My dear father, ſaid ſhe, take comfort—I have good news to tell you—My lord Whatley is come—He acknowledges his faults—And will he own you for his wife? Shall I have that conſolation before I die?—Yes, worthy Adams, cried his lordſhip, running to embrace the old man, you ſee your daughter's huſband, your ſon, who come to bewail his faults in your boſom, and would give his life to repair them. Adams, overcome with ſurprize and joy, could only utter—Ah my lord!—The tears flowed from his eyes; he would have riſen up, and attempted at ſome expreſſions of reſpect—Lie ſtill, my father, ſaid Whatley, it is my duty to do you honour and reſpect—I have injured you; I have betrayed my faith, and virtue, and Fanny—I am ready to make ſatisfaction for every thing—I humbly aſk pardon of you, of your dear daughter, of humanity itſelf, which I have wounded through the heart of the worthy Adams. Yes, you ſhall be my father, and your daughter ſhall be my wife, the only miſtreſs of my ſoul. He then enquired of Fanny concerning her mother—Alas! replied the old man, ſhe is no more!—She adored her daughter. Ah! I underſtand you—This is my doing—Wretched and guilty Whatley, how ſhalt thou expiate thy crimes!—Ah, my father! Ah, my Fanny!

Situations like theſe admit of no adequate deſcription; but the heart may feel, and the mind may conceive what the pen can never paint.

Our poor cottagers went to dinner: how did their extreme indigence then pierce the ſoul of Whatley! Scarce had they a ſufficiency of that coarſe bread, the very ſight of which had ſtruck him with horror—The dying Adams was another object that might have ſmitten the heart of barbarity itſelf—Every thing that appeared in this manſion of miſery, was a dagger in the breaſt of this penitent lord. But when his looks were fixed on that woman whom he adored; when he read in her pale countenance the cruel impreſſions of pain and poverty, and ſaw thoſe arms, that were locked in his with ſo much tenderneſs, faded and emaciated, he was torn with that remorſe, thoſe torments of the ſoul, which are ten thouſand times more acute than any external torture. Every inſtant, he cried, with tears that bled from the heart—My virtuous Fanny! to what miſery have I reduced you!—Is it poſſible that you can ſtill love me?—Fanny, embracing him, anſwered, Yes, my lord!—You were always dear to me; and you ſhould have pierced me to the heart, if you would have permitted me to kiſs your hand.

If there is a ſcene in this world that can attract the eye of the Supreme Being, it is, undoubtedly, that of ſincere repentance, of pure and honeſt love, the triumph of ſentiment and reaſon.

Lord Whatley learnt that Fanny's two ſiſters had not long ſurviſed their mother; That her brothers, obliged, by their misfortunes, to leave their father's houſe, were in the ſervice of farmers; that ſhe and her father, after the death of the clergyman, their relation, being reduced to extreme indigence, tilled with their own hands a piece of ground where they had built a kind of ſhed to live in, and that this had been ſcarcely ſufficient for the ſupport of their miſerable lives. Fanny loved her lord too much to afflict him with a detail of ſuch circumſtances: He learnt them from Windham.

Whatley removed Adams to his own ſeat, where the old man ſoon recovered his health. A very elegant apartment was prepared for Fanny, who, a few days after their arrival, dreſſed in a magnificent ſuit, was married to her lord. It is needleſs to add, that Windham was one of the principal aſſiſtants on this feſtive occaſion.—Lord Whatley agreeably ſurprized Adams, by preſenting to him his two ſons, dreſſed in a manner becoming their change of fortune. I was willing, my dear father, ſaid he, to make all our family happy. The brothers of Fanny ought to be mine, and it is my intention that they ſhall partake of my happineſs.

In the evening, when Whatley had diſmiſſed his attendants, he threw himſelf at the feet of lady W—, and, at laſt, ſaid he, my excellent Fanny, you will embrace an huſband, whoſe only ſtudy will be to make you forget your ſufferings. Will you pardon me all the injuries, all the wrongs I have done you? My dear, my adorable wife! Your misfortunes have not robbed you of your beauty; it will bloom afreſh when cheriſhed by my kiſſes, and watered by my tears. I ſee the effect of my own conduct, and you are more dear to me.—You have been my victim, you ſhall be my ſovereign, be all that is dear to me, with the lovely child that pleads for its father's pardon. Let it not plead in vain, my dear Fanny!—She could only anſwer with tears of pleaſure, the ſtrong, though inarticulate expreſſions of the ſoul, and overpowered by the intoxicating tenderneſs, ſhe ſunk into his arms. O charm inexpreſſible of pure and tender attachments! Pleaſures of love! What are you without thoſe of virtue?

Windham was about to take leave of Whatley. What! Sir, ſaid his lordſhip, will you refuſe to reap the fruits of your labour? And what ſcenes can you find more intereſting than theſe! You have united two hearts, my dear friend, that know how to be grateful for the favours you have done them—Enjoy the pleaſure of beholding the effects of your kindneſs—You have reſtored me to virtue, to Fanny, and to happineſs; but can that happineſs be perfect, if you add not the pleaſures of friendſhip to thoſe of love? Windham embraced his friend in thoſe tears that ſpring from the heart. Well, my dear children, I accept your offer—It will be ſome conſolation to my old age to find that there are yet on earth, ſenſible and virtuous ſouls. They removed to London, where Fanny proved herſelf the moſt charming, and moſt amiable of women. She was a model for thoſe who had long ſhone in the circle of diſtinguiſhed life, and ſhewed by her beauty and her deportment, that the virtues and the graces are the natives of villages, rather than of cities. She went yearly to viſit that poor cottage where Whatley and Windham had found her. There ſhe ſeemed to find her virtues ſtrengthened, her principles improved. Scenes of poverty call us back to that modeſty, and that ſubdued frame of mind, which are the beſt ſupport of virtue.

Whatley deſpiſed, diſhonoured, chagrined by his marriage with lord Ravenſtone's daughter, was indebted, in ſome meaſure, for a ſecond exiſtence to the daughter of the farmer. Led by the tender influences of chaſte love, he returned to the duties of a man, a citizen, and a ſubject: He entered once more into the ſervice he had quitted, diſtinguiſhed himſelf, and obtained the moſt honourable appointments. Lord Darnton himſelf made a kind of public ſatisfaction to Adams and Fanny; he declared Whatley his heir, and died in the arms of his niece. Heaven, as a recompence to Adams, prolonged his life to an advanced and happy old age; and Fanny had ſeveral children, the delight and ornament of their family and their country.

INCONSTANCY IN MAN.

Oh, heaven! were man
But conſtant, he were perfect; that one error
Fills him with faults.

EXTRAORDINARY LOVE-LETTER.

From Peter Plainman to Miss Priscilla Prudish.

Madam,

I am a little afraid you and I shall never come together. There is that expectation of flattery about you that I cannot bear. Yet as I love you well enough to be honest—a bold word that—I will once for all speak my mind, and I desire your attention. I believe I do not admire you or value you for any one of those charms for which you admire and value yourself. I do not, for instance, pay any adoration to the present brightness of your eyes, because I am so strange a fellow as to consider them philosophically. I write in honest prose, Madam; and therefore in honest prose I tell you, that those same balls of etherial beauty, those same love-darting mirrors, are at best two pieces of ordinary clay varnished. The varnish, I allow, is good, and well put on; thanks be to the sound health and constitution that begot you, and the mother who bore you: But what of all this? I am not such a short sighted, amorous puppy, but I can look forward a little beyond the length of my nose, to the time when the gloss will all be worn away, when the japan of nature will be utterly gone, and the devil a spark of fire will you have about you. Some time ago, I remember you shewed me, in a great air of triumph, a paper scrawled upon by some florid puppy of your acquaintance, who swore in very sorry verses that your cheeks threw into utter despair all the lillies and roses in the creation; your skin too, was, if I recollect, polished marble: the veins were compared to the azure of the third Heaven, and the colour was whiter than alabaster. 'Tis a lie, Priscilla, 'tis a lie; I never saw a pair of cheeks in my life, that were fairer than a lilly, nor a pair of lips that were redder than a rose. As to alabaster, I will take upon me to say, there never was a woman's skin half so white in the whole world; and I should be very glad to see a complexion so well polished as a piece of Egyptian marble. I am perfectly sensible to handsome features: I like to see the proper proportions of red and white: I am very well pleased with a sparkling pair of eyes; but I have no idea of calling any of these what they are not, nor of comparing them with objects to which they have no likeness whatever. For instance now, your bosom is said to be purer than the driven snow: If that is not carrying the jest as far as it will go, I dont know what is. As to features, skin, complexion, &c. they are so truly things of to-day, that if I was a woman, I should be afraid to put any trust in them. They have more enemies than the ever persecuted have. I could recount such a catalogue as would make

Your hair to stand an end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

Go into your garden—fix your attention on the fairest flower, take care that it is in the luxuriance of its bloom. Did you ever behold tints more exquisite, scollops more exact, colours better mixed, or beauties better varied? Now leave it. Pay it a second visit to-morrow morning. What are you surprised at? That a flower should fade! A slight blast of wind in the night hath wholly destroyed it; the tints are dead; the colours are faded; the beauty is no more. Step now to your toilette. Indeed, Priscilla, you are very pretty: what a face, what an air, what a shape! In the evening one of the thousand enemies of handsome features overtakes you, and your second visit to the mirror shews—an ugly woman. I would not have you fix too violent a dependance upon features. Nor do I, Priscilla, estimate you according to your wealth: Certain it is, old Prudish, your father, left you rich; but I wish you were not so fascinated with these possessions. I think there is under all your false ideas a *good heart*; 'tis this, Priscilla, which draws me towards you. I know we should live happy together, if you would but comply with my terms. They are neither difficult nor various: 1st, Break your looking-glass. 2d, Turn all your poets out of doors. 3dly, Throw their verses into the fire; and lastly, Make a solemn vow never to trust in *metaphors* and *comparisons*, two cursed things which have done more injury to young women than libertinism itself. What say you? Will you agree to these conditions, and take to your bosom, without either lace on his coat, poetry in his head, or *puppyism* at his heart,

Your old Friend,
and Humble Servant,
PETER PLAINMAN.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

An Address to a young Poet.

WHEN youthful bosoms glow with heav'nly beams,
And infant genius wakes to sacred themes;
When youth inraptur'd weeps in virtues cause,
Such sweet effusions claim deserv'd applause.
Soft is thy prelude, hence thy wakeful lyre,
Shall sweetly tremble with celestial fire;
Th' irradiant muse sublime thy infant flight,
And veil thy genius in her tripple light.
She'll show thee wonders in the splendid spheres,
She'll show thee nature drench'd in baleful tears;
She'll point to regions where new glories rise,
And wrap thy genius in effulgent skies.
To inspirations orient realms she'll rear
Thy ardent soul beyond the vulgar sphere.

THE OBSERVER.

TEMPERANCE is much commended by many writers—and by many shewn as a virtue, which any one might attain.

A writer as well as a speaker has a right to make and dress up the figures of his imagination as he pleases: hence it is, that temperance is spoken of as exisiting,—and possessing almost every thing to make a man happy; when, in fact, nothing like temperance has ever been seen, and if I may judge from what I know, never will be. It is not necessary for the happiness of man any more than a continued succession of serene weather is necessary for the fruits of the earth. And, if I may be allowed the expression—the passions are as necessary in the moral—as storms and tempests in the natural world, for the well being of both.

CONTENT!—This is also a word without meaning; and I think there is not a man living, (except the *Lazy Man*, and I doubt much whether he is contented) but what is well convinced that content is not for man. Why should it be? It is only another name for Indifference and Insensibility. And who would wish for an indifferent Neighbour, or insensible Friend?

On LOTTERIES.

A Lottery, like a magic spell,
All ranks of men bewitches;
When beating bosoms vainly swell
With hopes of sudden riches.

With hopes to gain the highest prize,
How many post to ruin:
And as the airy phantom flies,
Contrive their own undoing.

'Tis strange, so many fools we find,
By tickets thus deluded;
And by a trifling turn of mind
From calm content excluded.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

On the Death of William Bradford, Esq.

A FRAGMENT.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

BENEATH the verdant sod his body lies!
His soul!—In triumph straight to heaven flies,
By seraphs borne, who rapid wing their flight,
And fast approach the blessed realms of light.

On friends behind he casts a longing eye,
Until in heaven his God he does descry,
Breathes a *last sigh* of pure ætherial fire,
Then swift ascending joins the heavenly choir.

O.

FROM THE GENIUS OF LIBERTY.

NOTHING is so honourable as MARRIAGE; nothing so comfortable both to the body and the mind; and though it is sometimes prostituted and disgraced by the abandoned and profligate, yet these instances ought not to discontinue a system in its principles so social, so pure and holy. It is the most wholesome, most beneficial, and rational law for the universal welfare of man. Marriage is a union of that glorious nature that it ties alone the bands of Love and Friendship, and fixes us in reputation and felicity. It is *marriage* alone that knits and binds the sinews of society together, and makes the life of man honourable to himself, useful to others, and grateful to the God of nature. I trust that we have no Brahmans or rigid stoicks amongst us. "*Increase and multiply*" is the imperative voice of the Divinity, and only honourably in the bands of conjugal love.—What is there in life,—tell me ye grey-bearded philosophical pedants, ye antiquated matrons,—what is there in nature so beauteous, so desirable, and so proper, as a fair wife, a sensible wife and a loving wife in sweet connection with a susceptible, tender and prudent husband—Is there any thing on earth nearer heaven? Can the world afford such content, or a more precious union? In the world of nature is there a character so elevated as a beauteous mother, unimpeached by slander, unbreached upon by lust, uncontaminated by vice, and unreproached by envy? No; it is the divinest offspring of the Gods, and likest to those angels which virtue has made pure. Such is FLAVILLA:—to hear of her is enough to inspire even conjugal love and virtue: to behold her with her rosy boys and lovely girls, giving precepts to the eldest and the breast to the youngest, is such a scene of intuitive tuition, that none can observe it without admiration and a desire to imitate. She is beautiful and sensible, virtuous and gay,—mild as the mildest morn of May, and pious without ostentation or enthusiasm.—She is such a wife and such a mother, that she rather appears to be a pattern from the skies, to inform men and women what wives should be, than a mere mortal of common composition to mingle in their societies as a woman and a mother!

TACITUS says, *matrimony* makes us immortal—it is the soul and chief prop of empire:—*That* MAN *who refuses to live without* WOMAN, *or that* WOMAN *who refuses to live without* MAN, *are* ENEMIES TO THE COMMUNITY *in which they dwell*, INJURIOUS TO THEMSELVES, DESTRUCTIVE TO THE WORLD, APOSTATES TO NATURE, *and* REBELS AGAINST HEAVEN AND EARTH.

ALCANDER.

ODD ADVERTISEMENT.

WANTED immediately, a woman who would be pleased with a husband—she must be sound, wind and limb—of a moderate fortune—tolerably handsome, and not subject to drunkenness—she must not scold but once a month*—must comb her hair at least once a week—and above all she must neither chew tobacco or take snuff, as it always gives me the heart-burn, to have my diet peppered—A woman of this description may find a place by applying to J. R. of H——, who possesses every requisite to qualify him for a husband.

* I give this liberty, because after a strict search, I find it will be impossible to obtain a wife without this customary foible.

LABOUR.

———Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.

Philadelphia, *September* 5.

A proclamation is iſſued by the Governor of this Commonwealth interdicting the intercourſe, by land or water, between the city of New-York and the town of Norfolk, in Virginia, and this City, for the term of one month, or until the proclamation is revoked, *under the penalty of three hundred dollars* —on account of a contagious and infectious diſeaſe which exiſts in thoſe places.

IT is among the amiable characteriſtics of a free people, that they are not ſwayed by overbearing power; but by full conviction, and the voluntary dictates of their own underſtanding—Therefore, in a government whoſe ſovereignty is the *people*—whoſe functions are all the effect of elective power —whoſe exiſtence muſt depend on the will of the majority—*firmneſs* on great national queſtions is *treaſon* to the people—Every act of oppreſſion, whether flowing from beyond the Atlantic, or engendered in the counſels of government, is equally an object of eternal deteſtation. In this happy land the conſtitution (and not men) is alone our guide—it is the polar ſtar, upon which every good citizen will gaze with admiration, and reverence—it is the ſtandard to whoſe guidance, men and meaſures muſt implicitly ſubmit—There our rights are defended—our privileges aſcertained, and our liberties defended—Under this impreſſion of conſtitutional right, the preſent unfiniſhed Treaty with Great Britain is a proper object of public diſcuſſion. This Treaty, tho' not officially, is yet authentically promulgated: As freemen it becomes a duty to diſcuſs its principles, with candor, with temper, and a firm attachment to "conſtituted authorities." If there are defects, let them be painted by the colours of ſincerity; if there are errors let them be depicted with the pencil of truth—now is the period for examinations;—this is the *only* time that ſcrutiny can avail with effect; for when officially communicated, it becomes the *ſupreme law of the land*. A proper ſubjection to *completed governmental* acts, is the duty of every good citizen.—But previouſly to that period—in the awful moment between the promulgation, and the final adoption—in the only interval of ſpace, that juſtice, and delicacy can with effect enforce oppoſition—them, to give a blind acquieſcence to *propoſed governmental principles*, is treaſon to the people, and infamy to ourſelves!—The Treaty is not yet officially ratified, for tho' it were a fact, that the Executive on the part of the people, had executed the inſtrument, it muſt yet receive the ſanction of the King of Great Britain; therefore 'till it again returns to this country with that ſanction, it is clearly open to the diſcuſſion, and examination of *every* American. But the opponents to the Treaty are termed, enemies to "conſtituted authorities"—*lovers of diſcord* and confuſion—and inimical to the peace, and happineſs of America. Can the man *deſerve* thoſe titles who only ſpeaks the eternal language of the conſtitution?—is he infamous, who, from principles of affection and duty to his country, would guard the *legiſlature* from the encroachments of the *Executive*?—is he the deſtroyer of the conſtitution, who ſtrives to preſerve its *conſtituent* branches free, diſtinct and independent? who labours to preſerve, pure and uncorrupt, the *repreſentative function* from the *executive juriſdiction*? Is he an enemy to the liberties of his country, who openly ſupports the *conſtitution* againſt the encroachments of government? If ſuch deſerve the epithet *of deſtroyers of* the conſtitution, every good citizen might rejoice in the appellation. What! Has it become infamous in America to reprobate a principle that may *by poſſibility* be the ſupreme Law of the land? Are we yet ſo venal, ſo corrupt, ſo attached to "conſtituted authorities," as blindly to ſupport a meaſure *previous to its conſtitutional ratification*? If we are compelled to acquieſce in ſuch *dictums*, *Liberty* is not worth contention, and *conſtitutional rights* are but *ſounds*—devoid of reality. So long as any governmental principle remains in *embryo*—ſo long as it is not conſtitutionally ratified—oppoſition is a republican virtue. If we conſider any *propoſed* meaſure as injurious to our national dignity, as deſtructive to domeſtic felicity; or above all, as attacking our conſtitutional prerogatives, virtue, patriotiſm, duty—all unite and demand a firm and bold declaration of *Conſtitutional Rights*.

[*New-Jerſey State Gazette.*]

Extract of a letter from a merchant in Cadiz to his correſpondent in New-York, dated July 10.

"This day an expreſs arrived here with an account of the Portugueſe having made peace with the Algerines; therefore if Americans ſhould not be able to do the ſame, it will be dangerous for any of them to venture this way, until ſome compromiſe takes place. The Moores who had detained two Swedes, have liberated them, and have given them five months to bring on their yearly preſents, which by the lateſt accounts from Stockholm were already embarked, ſo that there is no veſſel now ſo ſecure as a Swede."

PROVIDENCE, Auguſt 29.

Governor Fenner's reply to the Britiſh Vice Conſul's note, enclosing Captain Home's inſolent letter.

Providence, Auguſt 6, 1795.

SIR,

I AM to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 2d inſtant, which came to hand this morning.

With regard to the application of Capt. Home, ſuch was the indecency of his letter to you, and ſuch his ſubſequent conduct, in capturing and ſearching Captain Bliſs within the limits and juriſdiction of the State, that I muſt wait for inſtructions from the Preſident of the United States, to whom I ſhall tranſmit a full account of the behaviour of Captain Home by the next mail.

I am not a little ſurpriſed that you, Sir, in your character as Vice-Conſul of his Britannic Majeſty, ſhould be inſtrumental in offering this unprovoked and unprecedented inſult to the State.

I am, with due eſteem and regard, Sir,
Your moſt humble ſervant,
A. FENNER.

Thomas W. Moore, Eſq. his Britannic Majeſty's Vice-Conſul for Rhode-Iſland &c.

CHARLESTON, Auguſt 22.

Captain Campbell, of the ſchooner Patuxent, from Gonaives, who arrived on Friday laſt, has given us the following particulars.

Early in July laſt a large Bermudian built ſloop, mounting 14 guns, in the ſervice of the French Republic, called the General Valette, off the ſouth ſide of Cuba, attacked a ſhip belonging to the Spaniſh navy, mounting 22 guns; after fighting deſperately for ſome time, the French captain laid along ſide of the ſhip, in order to board her; the Spaniards reſiſted obſtinately for ſome time, until their captain finding, as was ſuppoſed, that he ſhould otherwiſe be taken, ordered his magazine to be fired, which was accordingly done, and the ſhip blown up: the ſloop's bowſprit was between the fore and main maſt of the ſhip, and was blown off. The Spaniſh crew periſhed, except twelve, who were brought into Gonaives by the ſloop.

The inland towns in Hiſpaniola have lately been taken by the French; one of them, called Marabelly, under the Engliſh government, but garriſoned by French ariſtocrats, capitulated; the other, the name of which captain Campbell does not recollect, belonging to the Spaniards, was carried by ſtorm, and 60 men made priſoners.

It was generally believed at the Gonaives, that St. Mark's would ſhortly be evacuated by the Engliſh: the fever that had prevailed for ſome time in the Weſt Indies, had carried off a great number of the inhabitants, and of the garriſon; it was called the grave of St. Domingo.

LONDON, July 4.

Yeſterday arrived a mail from Hamburgh with an Italian bag.

According to the general tenor of the papers and letters received by this mail, and the report of paſſengers who came over in the packet, it is conſidered on the Continent as matter of notoriety and no longer to be doubted, that the Emperor has actually made peace with the French Republic, although for particular reaſons, it has not yet been officially announced.

It is even added that the Elector of Hanover is negociating with the Regicide convention, a ſtep which he cannot be ſuppoſed to take without the conſent or connivance of the king of Great Britain.

From the New-York Gazette of Yeſterday.

TO THE CITIZENS OF PHILADELPHIA.

Confiſ.

We are all popping off here like rotten ſheep. Two hundred carcaſes have been buried on the battery—500 hanged for fear of catching the Yellow Fever, and about 35 or 40 guillotined—all the windows in town are broken by the firing of cannon—ſeveral of our ſeven-ſtory houſes have fallen down, *ſtan ding* of their own accord—federal hall has got a *fit of the fidgets*, and two yearling pigs have died of the meaſles—pray ſend us about 100 doctors to ſtop the contagion, and it may compenſate for ſome meaſure for an attempt to make our veſſels ride a 40 days quarantine in European ports.

NEW-YORK.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LINES from C. A. to Mr. A. B.—have not much poetical ſuperemineace, but for the encouragement of juvenile genius, they ſhall appear in our next.

FARNOMAR, a *jeu d'eſprit*, and the KEY TO LOVE—have too indelicate an *implication* for publicity.

PHANOR informs us that he intends to bombard *Ojuſpan*—We adviſe him to raiſe the ſiege immediately.

PRINTING,
IN ALL ITS VARIETY,
EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE,
On the moſt reaſonable terms.

CARDS, HANDBILLS, BLANKS, CIRCULAR LETTERS, &c.
done at the ſhorteſt notice.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,
AN APPRENTICE
To the Printing-Buſineſs.
Apply at the Office of the Philadelphia Minerva.

Court of Apollo.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

SONNET.

HOW sweetly now my moments roll,
On placid life's unapter'd sea;
Sweet peerless maid my ardent soul,
Has sworn eternal love to thee.

My heart with ceaseless love shall burn,
Sweet hope suppress each solemn tear;
Canst thou with soften'd smiles return,
A heart as constant and sincere.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

Messrs. Printers,

WHEN we compare the production of Toby with that of the Naturalist, we are forcibly led to conclude, that the same pen has produced both. The sterility of the one, the profuse presumption of the other, and the palpable blunders of both, naturally induce us to believe that they are the effusions of the same heart: And each brings forward an unsupported claim to a character by no means incompatable with the pretensions of the other.

Although Toby evidently wishes to pass for a critical analyst, his first sentence, may indeed his first three words, will not stand the test of critical examination: And the Naturalist displays an ignorance of the language of philosophy, or a carelessness of expression, admitting of no excuse, when coming from a person who lay claims to the title of Philosopher. An examination of The Naturalist and his [illegible] will be sufficient to enable us to determine [illegible] these observations.

We shall begin with the first sentence of Toby's vindication of the Naturalist. "The most infallible criterion by which to designate a candidate of affism, is the practice of arraigning the conduct of those editors, to whom a writer communicates his productions for publication." "The most infallible" is just as fallacious as the most boutemeless. "Criterion by which to designate a candidate of affism" as it comes from a professor of the Belles Lettres of Billingsgate needs no comment. "The practice of arraigning the conduct of those editors to whom a writer communicates his productions for publication." If Toby does not here mean all editors of newspapers and magazines, he has made a blunder, for we know of no such editor to whom some writer does not communicate his productions for publication. Aquaris had indirectly criminated the editors of the Minerva for admitting into their paper the doctrinal sophisms of the Naturalist. Toby from ignorance, or design, attempts to prove that Aquaris directly criminated them. And to shew how forcibly he has done it, it may not be amiss to reduce his argument to the form of a syllogism.

The practice of arraigning those editors to whom a writer communicates &c. designates a candidate of affism.

Aquaris criminated the editors of the Minerva—

Therefore, Aquaris is a candidate of affism.

Toby in this sentence misrepresents the cause of the crimination; changes a single action into a practice, and converts the publishers of the Minerva into all editors of public print. And is it not surprising that a person so ignorant of the principles of logic as Toby, should assume the character of a Naturalist, and pretend to proof equally conclusive with mathematical demonstration?—No, the vanity of the one is consistent with the ignorance of the other.

In another place Toby says, "Can any one who reflects on his (Aquaris's) use of the word self-created, refrain from laughing at the childishness of this antiquated expression, when applied to mathematical deductions." If mere absurdity in an expression be sufficient to set Toby a giggling, self-created mathematical deductions must certainly provoke his risibility; but this is an application of the word, unthought of by any person but himself. This sentence evidently means that a reflection upon my *use of the words will force any person to laugh at an application which is* different, *and this is a meaning which Toby never* intended *to express.*

Again—"Are obloquy and self creation of synonimous import?—then your philosophical fool ought not only to laugh at himself as a self created scribbler, but at all the authors that ever existed." The word "then" leads to a belief that Toby wishes to pass this for an argument; it implies that what follows is a conclusion drawn from what goes before. But as it is impossible to determine the meaning of this sentence, it appears to be no more than a successful attempt to realise Brakenridge's ideas of an artificial arrangement of words into sentences, containing neither sense nor significance.

To any person who has read Toby's performance, it will appear evident that all his blunders have not been brought forward. The preceding extracts are intended merely as a specimen of what might be adduced. They are sufficient however to draw from the reader a smile of contempt, for a writer who betraying such an ignorance of philology, professes an acquaintance with the process of critical analysation.

After a few preliminary observations, I shall according to promise proceed to a concise examination of the Naturalist's third number.

He appears to have two objects. In the first place he attempts to establish the eternity and self existence of matter: In the second to prove that "The habitable part of this globe will be destroyed by the continual descent of rains upon the face of the earth, and the sea by gradual approaches, will cover the summits of the highest mountains."

There is no science with which we are acquainted, which requires clearer ideas or more correct language, than metaphysics, and its abstruseness even when treated of by the most intelligent writers, certainly ought to deter a smatterer from an attempt to explain one of its sublimest subjects. The Naturalist wishes to prove the self existence of matter. I shall oppose this attempt, by shewing that his proof is assertion; that some of his expressions convey a meaning which it is not probable he intended to express; that others convey no idea whatever; and that what he asserts in one place he contradicts in another.

In opposition to his hypothesis of a destructive advance of the sea, some facts shall be produced, to shew that it is not as the Naturalist describes it, capable of physical demonstration.

AQUARIS.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

SKETCH

Of the new American Production, entitled,

"FEDERAL POLITICIAN."

INDEPENDENT principles, unfeigned patriotism and impartial reasonings, form the substance of the preface.

The 1st. Chapter is as comprehentive as instructive. It treats on the qualities of man; his private and public duties; the origin of society; the government first adopted, which was democracy; the relaxation and overturning of it for the introduction of aristocracy and despotism; real causes of such a dismal change; the actual state of government in Europe; the favorable prospect of liberty, and persevering firmness in its cause; concluding with an ardent wish for the emancipation of all nations with real and permanent happiness.

The 2d. Chapter begins with a detail of federalism being established in Europe, and eminently improved by the enlightened American nation, in which is introduced a curious conversation of the seven antient wise men of Athens, and in the course of the debate the question, *which of the popular governments is most perfect?* is discussed. The author takes particular notice of each opinion, makes a review of them all, and in the sequel, by a compleat definition of a perfect democracy, proves that the federal government is adequate to every description of it. He shews the inconsistency of pompous titles, and, with sound political knowledge, insinuates the right method of preserving a democratic system in the most extensive and populous country.

In the 3d. Chapter, he evidently evinces it to be the duty of every citizen of the United States to support the federal government. Describes the disposition and policy of each of the nations, which surround the union. Draws a portrait of the British cabinet as far as concerns America; of the political storms, that at several periods threatened the peace and welfare of this republic; and shews that they have been happily dispersed by the energy of our government. The views he takes of the actual and future flourishing prospect of the federal commonwealth, are pleasing to any informed and good republican; and soon after concludes with recommending unanimity in all affairs, that concern the American interest and happiness.

In the 4th Chapter, which is the longest of all, the qualifications and duties of a legislative, executive, and judicial officer, are separately considered with candor and impartiality. He examines, now and then, with great discretion several different points, viz. the excise-law; the proclamation of neutrality; the *reserved rights* of the federal senate in their transactions; in what respect the judicial may be regarded independent of the other departments; the election of president, vice-president, and senators of the United States; the rights of a freeman; the privileges improperly claimed by freeholders, and, finally the inviolability of free suffrage, all which subjects are corroborated by deep and judicious observations and each of the constitutions of the respective states in the Union.

The 5th. Chapter, gives a portrait of the chimerical anti-federal faction, shewing the object, conduct, and character of its votaries; and how good citizens may penetrate into, and prevent their mischevious schemes.

The conclusion recommends a spirit of true moderation, conveyed indeed in a learned manner, and in the language of sincerity. The citizens of the United States will perceive in such a production, the *chief, sure, patriot*, and *friend*, whose sentiments must reflect honour on the author, and essential benefit to the public weal.

A READER.

Just Published,

And for sale at this Office,

[Price 25 cents.]

The American Remembrancer, No. I.

Being an impartial Collection of

Resolutions, Speeches, Essays, &c.

Having affinity to the discussion of the

TREATY with BRITAIN.

CONTENTS.

1. Speech of Mr. Pinckney at a Meeting of the Citizens of Charlestown, South Carolina.
2. Speech of Mr. J. Thompson, at a Meeting of the Citizens of Peterburgh.
3. Proceedings of the Citizens of Wilmington.
4. Speech of Mr. Cæsar Rodney.
5. Wilmington Memorial to the President of the United States.
6. Observations on the powers granted by the Constitution to form treaties.
8. Defence of the Treaty by Camillus No. 1, 2, 3, 4 & 5, &c. &c.

LIKEWISE—

[Price 62 cents.]

The TREATY,

Of Amity, Commerce, and Navigation,

Between his Britanic Majesty and the United States of America—With a copious appendix, containing sundry important papers, such as proceedings of town meetings and official letters and papers relative to the treaty, calculated to assist the politician in forming an opinion on that instrument, and the present interesting crisis in our affairs.

ALSO,

[Price 37 cents.]

The Prophecies and Times,

BY RICHARD BROTHERS.

Professed to be a revealed expolition of the prophecies recorded in the scriptures, and now fulfilling.